

ARTICLE APPEARED
ON PAGE 158

WASHINGTONIAN
March 1985

*In the World of Espionage, Your Wife and Kids Are
Sometimes Your Best Assets. Here Is a First-Person
Story from a Woman Who Has Come in from the Cold.*

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with Rudy Maxa*

REMEMBRANCES OF A CIA WIFE

I remember my first security breach as the wife of a spy. Thirty years ago, my husband, a covert CIA agent, was on his first overseas assignment, working undercover as a Department of the Army civilian in Japan.

While visiting our home to speak to a group of CIA wives about the need for secrecy, a security man from Washington excused himself, ostensibly to use our telephone. He returned to my living room with a list of frequently dialed numbers I kept by the phone. The first dozen names on the list were of CIA wives whose husbands worked undercover in Tokyo. Any child, servant, or visitor, said the security man, could copy the list. And you didn't have to be Sherlock Holmes or James Bond to figure out the CIA connection.

I was embarrassed by my naiveté, all the more because I was supposed to be the boss's wife and should have known better. As the young wife of a new agent, I was an amateur playing in the big leagues.

For the next 25 years, I worked harder at living a lie. I learned how to explain blithely my husband's absences when I didn't have any idea where he was or what he was doing. I learned how to answer our Chevy Chase neighbors and others who asked what took Joe Kiyonaga,

his wife, and five children abroad so frequently. When we lived abroad, I grew accustomed to the gun Joe kept under the front seat of our car.

And, in a way, I also learned to be a spy. Before dinner parties, Joe often reviewed the guest list with me and pointed out a wife he wanted me to befriend during the evening. I'd cultivate her and perhaps arrange a brunch at a country club. Or a shopping trip. Or I'd invite her children over to play with ours. The object was intelligence-gathering; through family social events, Joe could get to know the husband better.

It wasn't until Joe began losing his battle against stomach cancer in 1977 that I learned why we had befriended one cabinet minister or another. During his career, Joe told me practically nothing about his work. But in his final months, Joe spent hours filling in the blanks of our lives.

As an Agency employee, Joe was forbidden ever to write about his experiences. As an Agency wife, I am not bound by such an agreement. And it was Joe's wish that someday his true occupation be made known. "I want," he told me, "to stand up and be counted."

When Joe died eight years ago, a reporter for the *New York Times* called me to ask for information for his obituary. I called a senior CIA official who told me

that no overseas agent had ever been "surfaced."

I said that Joe had specifically asked me to tell the truth about his livelihood. The CIA official consulted with others and called me back with permission to confirm Joe's Agency connection.

It was a precedent-setting decision because, even in death, a spy isn't supposed to blow his cover.

Joe Kiyonaga was born on Halloween 1918. I always loved that—a spook born on Halloween. He wasn't your typical CIA man who joined the Agency shortly after its inception in the late 1940s. He wasn't Ivy League; he wasn't rich. But, like his Agency colleagues, he epitomized the highest caliber of government servant.

Joe's parents emigrated from Japan and settled on Maui, in Hawaii, where his father worked in the sugar-cane fields and his mother was a domestic. Their only child walked four miles to school every day and spoke fluent Japanese. Not until high school, when Joe boarded and worked as houseboy and driver for the headmaster, did he learn to speak English well. The headmaster and his wife also taught him Western table manners, and a benevolent home-economics teacher instructed him in Occidental cuisine, dress, and—with the help

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Joe Kiyonaga, three years old in this photo, grew up on Maui in Hawaii, the son of two Japanese immigrants. The headmaster of his high school helped him shed his Pidgin English and taught him Occidental ways. When he grew up, he didn't wear a sailor outfit; he became an officer in the US Army fighting in Europe during World War II.

of a broomstick—how to dance.

He graduated from the University of Hawaii's Teacher's College and, at 21, chose American citizenship over Japanese. After the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, Joe and others petitioned Franklin Roosevelt to let Japanese-Americans fight in the war, a controversial issue that was settled when Roosevelt formed the 442 Regimental Combat Team. Composed entirely of Japanese-Americans (except for the officers), the 442 emerged from World War II the most decorated and most decimated regiment, as the book and movie *Go for Broke* would later recount.

Joe fought in Italy and France and received a battlefield commission and was decorated for valor. He returned to the United States upon his father's death, just before V-J Day and just before he was to be made a captain. With his GI Bill benefits, Joe decided to become a lawyer and began law school at the University of Michigan.

We met on a blind date on campus. It was love at first sight.

I grew up in Baltimore. My father worked first as a financial reporter for the *Baltimore Sun* and later for the Federal Land Bank. I attended Catholic schools and had a pleasant, uneventful childhood. I remember that I spent most of my time waiting for something to happen. It finally did when my father joined the Foreign Service and was posted to Bogotá, Colombia, as agricultural attaché after I graduated from high school.

I visited my parents in Bogotá, caught hepatitis, and had to stay there for nine months. It was my first time abroad, and I liked it. I only agreed to attend the University of Michigan in 1946 because my older sister lived nearby.

Michigan's law school hosted a dinner, and a mutual friend suggested I accompany a first-year student named Joe Kiyonaga. Because his name ended with a vowel, I presumed he was Italian. When I greeted Joe at my dorm, I saw a six-foot, four-inch Oriental man as handsome as Cary Grant. When I shook his hand, I knew he was why I'd been born.

He couldn't afford dates, so we took a lot of walks. I think I hurt his studies. He stayed in Ann Arbor for summer school after his first year, while I came to Washington to visit my parents at their new home on 16th Street. But the law didn't agree with Joe, and he decided to quit, saying he'd rather be a first-rate farmer than a third-rate lawyer—a debatable point in my book. At any rate, he called to tell me he'd stop in Washington on his way back to Hawaii.

Three days after he landed at National Airport, we were married at St. Matthew's Cathedral. We borrowed my father's Hudson, took a brief honeymoon to Williamsburg, and shortly thereafter I followed Joe to Hawaii, where he'd found a job as a high school assistant principal. In exchange for my father's permission to marry me, Joe promised to pay for the completion of my college education; I graduated with a teaching degree from Joe's alma mater, just two months before the birth of our first daughter.

Hawaii was too small for us. Drive for an hour and a half and you're right back where you started. My father helped Joe enter Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies, and we came back to Washington.

Finding an apartment proved difficult—no one wanted to rent to a Japanese. (It reminded me of the Jesuit I had talked with before we married, who said a Caucasian having children with an Oriental would be out of the question.) But near Bailey's Crossroads we found an apartment manager whose brother had been an officer with the 442, and we were in.

For two years we lived on the cheap with a baby and GI Bill benefits. When Joe graduated, he had job offers from the State Department and the new Central Intelligence Agency. The CIA paid a bit more, so Joe accepted the Agency's offer to become a covert operative. He

locked the job up on the eve of our second wedding anniversary.

We were broke. Our phone had been disconnected, and I was pregnant with our second child. But I borrowed enough money from my mother to buy steaks, champagne, and flowers, and we celebrated Joe's new job.

As an Agency wife whose husband is in covert work, you have to be very trusting. Either that or go crazy. It wasn't easy to operate in the dark, not easy to push worry, suspicion, and fear out of your mind.

I remember during the height of the Korean War, my husband, dressed in battle fatigues, disappeared from our home in Japan for three days. I couldn't call his office to see if he was safe. I didn't know when he'd return. I didn't know where he was, though I presumed he'd gone on a mission to Korea.

Joe had this infuriating habit of walking through the door after a long or difficult assignment and just smiling and putting his finger to his lips to cut off any questions. I'm naturally curious and love a good story as much as the next person, so it was never easy simply to pick up life where we'd left off.

During the course of Joe's career, we were stationed in Japan, Brazil, El Salvador, Panama, and then back to Brazil. Between those assignments, we usually spent a couple of years in Washington. I came to the conclusion that a good Agen-

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Law school at the University of Michigan didn't much agree with Joe Kiyonaga, but one of the coeds did. He met Bina Cady on an arranged date. Shortly after this law-school snapshot was taken, the couple wed in Washington and moved to Hawaii.

cy wife can't claim too much credit for her husband's success, but a bad one can ruin him. Among the wives of covert agents, there were two bad types: the talkative ones and the suspicious ones.

In Panama, Joe was the chief of station, attached to the embassy and in charge of all the CIA agents in the country. One day I hosted a luncheon for a dozen Agency wives. Over salad, one woman mentioned something about a bugging operation in which her husband was involved. That night I told Joe about her conversation; he left the house immediately, furious. He reprimanded the agent and canceled the operation.

Then there were the suspicious wives who called their husband's office asking where he was and when he'd left. Obviously, a covert agent stationed overseas has ample opportunity to philander; he doesn't have to account for his time, and there are safe houses that provide handy trysting spots. Some agents took advantage of such freedom.

In one case, a husband I know used his work as a cover for an affair with a stewardess for years. Not only did he have plenty of time to spend with her, he maintained that he was working—she flew for an airline that served Communist-bloc countries, and he said she provided valuable information in bed. They eventually married.

But I like to think that kind of misbehavior was the exception. The toughest lot was assigned to deep-cover families stationed abroad. In the case of agents such as Joe, the American ambassador knew of his double life—when Joe was attached to an embassy, he kept an office there as well as a private office elsewhere for meeting people who wouldn't want to be seen near the American Embassy. Sometimes the host government in friendly countries also knew Joe's real mission.

Deep-cover agents, on the other hand, operated as average businessmen or other professionals. They could not call on the American Embassy or pull strings with the host government to get them out of a pinch. Their wives could not socialize or draw strength from other Agency wives. They were truly out in the cold.

I never forgot Jack Downey and Dick Fecteau. I met them in 1952, when we were living near a Navy U-2 base near Atsugi, Japan. It was Halloween, and we were celebrating Joe's birthday with a party in the base auditorium. I knew all the CIA undercover families in Atsugi, so it wasn't hard to spot the two new faces at the party—two burly, handsome men named Jack Downey and Dick Fecteau.

Downey, a Yale graduate, and Fec-



At a height of six feet, four inches, Joe Kiyonaga didn't need an ID card to be spotted in a crowd. Between overseas assignments, he was stationed in Washington with the CIA; the State Department was his cover. The mug shot for this pass was taken in 1971.

teau, a Boston University graduate, were new to the Agency and Japan. Both former football players, they radiated enthusiasm and charm. Downey was a covert agent dealing with Chinese affairs; Fecteau was in administration.

When Downey and Fecteau arrived in Japan that year, the CIA was busy slipping spies into Mainland China. Light aircraft flew over China and dropped Nationalist Chinese agents into the countryside. In extreme cases, they could be picked up by lowering a harness by hand crank from an airplane to the ground; it sounds clumsy, but it worked.

One afternoon, the two Chinese who normally operated the mechanism called in sick, an unusual coincidence in retrospect. Joe needed a couple of strong volunteers to fly out with the plane that night. The ex-football players "volunteered" their help. Downey said he was bored, and Fecteau was simply a good sport. That night the Chinese militia shot the CIA plane down.

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I noticed Downey and Fecteau's absence from the social scene and asked Joe about them. Transferred, he told me. In fact, the CIA presumed Downey and Fecteau had gone down with the plane. It wasn't until years later, after we had left Japan, that I learned by reading news reports that they'd been captured alive. And it wasn't until the early 1970s, after the CIA admitted the two men were agents, that the Chinese released both men from prison.

Fecteau survived the early stages of brutal interrogation by reciting the names of his Boston University football teammates when the Chinese demanded the names of other agents. Downey was terrorized but did have the presence of mind to remember what he said. So when an American Air Force officer was released from the same jail, Downey passed along a cryptic message to Joe.

"Tell Joe they know about Sam Murray," Downey whispered to the departing American.

The message meant a lot to Joe, who realized that the "Sam Murray" to whom Downey had referred was really Samurai, the biggest operation against Japanese Communists that the CIA was covertly supporting. Knowing that the Communists knew about Samurai was invaluable information, and Joe began phasing the operation out. When Joe again met Jack Downey—two decades later in Washington—he thanked him for the tip on "Sam Murray."

Joe's job demanded that we live under different rules than most Americans stationed abroad. The children, for example, were forbidden to have friends sleep over. Joe often met sources at our home at night. Some of the people he met—foreign nationals he'd recruited as agents—had well-known faces, and we could not have them recognized as visitors to our house.

For that reason we were careful about the household help. Joe preferred servants who didn't speak English, so that even if they happened to overhear a sensitive conversation, they wouldn't understand it. Sometimes he tested them by quietly coming up behind them and saying, "Fire." We looked for cooks, drivers, and maids who were smart but not too smart. And their backgrounds were investigated before we hired them, though they didn't know their lives were being examined by the CIA.

After the embarrassing episode with the security man in Japan, I always scrambled the names on our telephone lists, mixing in CIA personnel with doctors, teachers, and repairmen. I used initials or first names. On the phone, we avoided the use of last names. And when someone called at an unlikely hour, we didn't ask questions—we just passed the message along to Joe and forgot about it.

Twice a year, electronics experts from Washington swept our home for listening devices (as far as I know, they never found any), and Washington security specialists made periodic visits to remind us of the need for caution. I did notice that there seemed to be a relation-



ship between falling temperatures in Washington and visits of home-office types to the warm climes where we lived.

Joe's one great failing was that he was hopeless with things mechanical, including the standard-issue camera from the CIA. On our daughter Ann's high school graduation night in Panama, we wanted to have a picture of her in her gown. Joe couldn't figure out how to work the flash attachment. Not until years later did I learn he had gone to our bedroom, closed the door, and dialed the number reserved for emergencies—the "hot-line"—which put him through to the duty officer in Langley. The duty officer talked Joe through the procedure for attaching and using the flash.

Telling the children about their father's real work was always Joe's assignment. When they were young, the children thought their father worked for the State Department, which is what we told our Chevy Chase neighbors and stores that needed Joe's place of employment in order to establish credit or cash checks. In fact, Joe had a cover address and phone number at the State Department; someone answered by repeating the number. Then any messages were passed along to Joe at Langley. Sometimes we attended functions such as farewell receptions at State to lend credence to the story that Joe worked there.

Joe made a ceremony of telling the children he worked for the CIA. He'd take the child into his study for a serious, fatherly talk.

Mary, our oldest, learned the truth from a date. We were entertaining people at home in Washington when Mary

burst into the room and said, "Daddy, Mike says you work for the CIA."

Mike's father was deputy undersecretary of State for Latin American affairs. Mary was fifteen, and Joe had waited too long to talk with her.

David was thirteen when he was told. He was crestfallen because he'd been bragging to his friends that his father was a secret agent, and that had to stop.

Ann had never heard of the CIA.

John was delighted because it made his father more glamorous in his eyes.

And Paul was twelve when Joe confided to him; by then, the CIA was a household word. Paul seemed pleased but disappointed that he couldn't confide in his buddy who'd been telling everyone that his father—who was commercial attaché at the embassy—was a CIA agent.

Our children loved the traveling life and approached each new country the way I did, as a challenge that could be an adventure. None of our children, however, chose to follow in their father's footsteps. Today Mary is a banker, David and John are lawyers, Ann is an artist, and Paul is a college student.

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In Japan I learned about a matriarchal society. I watched Japanese wives, seemingly as fragile as flowers, run the lives of their families, and I like to think that some of their feminine finesse rubbed off on me. But if Japan taught me to be a good wife, Brazil taught me to enjoy it. Brazilian women were born relaxed. As it turned out, learning to take life in stride was a valuable lesson, because Joe's job in São Paulo had its tense moments.

One afternoon in 1960, a Brazilian walked into the visa section of the American consul's office. He said he wanted to talk to someone about the problems in his country. It fell to Joe to talk with the man, who, it turned out, represented a group that wanted to overthrow the government of President João Goulart. A leftist, Goulart didn't enjoy widespread support among Brazilians who were watching their economy erode, and Washington would have shed no tears had he taken an early retirement.

Joe asked his mystery visitor to arrange a meeting with the ringleader of the group that had coup on its mind. He turned out to be General Olympio Murao, and Joe's first meeting was right out of a John le Carré novel.

At 3:10 in the morning, Joe walked into a deserted São Paulo park. It wasn't difficult to spot the general: He was walking two bull mastiffs. When the two men met, Joe opened the conversation with a prearranged signal.

"Would you care to share a smoke?" he asked. "Do you object to a Marlboro?"

"Thank you, I'd enjoy that," replied the general, "but I prefer to smoke my own."

Then the men sat down on a bench and began planting the seeds that led to the overthrow of the Goulart government.

There was a natural affinity between Joe and the general. Both were from humble backgrounds, both were men's men, and both spoke straight from the shoulder. Murao wanted to know if the United States would supply him with arms, money, and political advice.



Today, Bina Kiyonaga (left) works as director of public relations for Columbia Catering and studies for a master's degree in philosophy and theology at Catholic University. Ten years ago, the Kiyonaga family posed for an impromptu photograph. From left: David and his wife Deirdre, Ann, Mary and her husband Mike DiGiacomo, Paul, and John. Joe is in the background; Bina is on the floor in the foreground.

Joe told him the United States might be willing to work with him.

The general wanted assurances that the United States would recognize his government should he succeed.

Joe said it was possible.

The two men needed an excuse to meet regularly, so I became the best friend of the general's wife. Maria was into hair and clothes, two items that don't hold my interest. But for several months, when Joe and the general plotted downstairs, Maria and I spent hours upstairs in my bedroom, where she tutored me in high-fashion make-up application and hair styles. She'd bring over a box with wigs, and we'd spend hours playing like little girls—you could tell she thought I needed big help in the looks department.

Joe did provide political advice, though I don't know if the Agency funneled money to Murao and his co-conspirators. Goulart grew concerned about Murao and transferred him to an outpost about 100 miles north of Rio. But about six months after we left Brazil, on April Fool's Day of 1964, Murao marched on the capital and, in a bloodless coup, installed a puppet President, establishing a military dictatorship that the United States recognized.

Joe was superb at recruiting agents in the countries in which he served. First of all, he was good with languages. In Japan, he spoke his mother tongue. Before we were posted to Brazil, he mastered Portuguese. And his Catholic background helped him in South and Central America. In fact, some of his informants were priests, a few motivated by the money Joe could pay for information, but most motivated by a dislike of communism. In addition, Joe was a charmer. His dark good looks and careful manner inspired trust in men (and sometimes desire in women) that worked to his benefit as an agent.

One of his favorite meeting places was the confessional. He would meet sources during off-hours in the confession booths of small churches. He would begin his confession, and if it turned out he was talking to the wrong person by accident, he simply rattled off a list of small sins.

One evening he met an Eastern European contact who was increasing his demands for money from the Agency. Joe suspected he might be a double agent, the most dangerous of espionage animals. Joe confronted him in a confessional with his suspicions, and the informant grew enraged, threatening my

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life and the lives of our kids.

The next morning, I opened a blind in our house to see a man standing near the window cradling a machine gun. I knew nothing about the man's threat at the time. I panicked and rushed to Joe to tell him of the danger. Not to worry, he said. He told me there were rumors of a coup, so two members of the secret police had been detailed to our home. For our last three months in São Paulo, men with machine guns stood outside our house around the clock.

Joe kept a little black book in each country filled with names of the people he

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met. Before a social engagement, he would brief me on the guests. If there was someone in particular he wanted to get to know, he'd tell me his position, where his children went to school—any details that might help me to become friends with his wife.

He used our children as sort of junior operatives, unbeknownst to them. At the start of each school year, Joe's office would categorize our children's classmates, listing their parents' jobs, political affiliations, family connections, club memberships, as well as any known weaknesses or vulnerabilities. Then Joe would determine possible targets and suggest that his children get to know certain schoolmates well. Children being children, it didn't always work, but Joe tried his hardest to engineer alliances.

Sometimes Joe used a direct approach.

We arrived in El Salvador in the summer of 1966, and even then you could tell the country was hell-bent on revolution. The disparity between the handful of wealthy ruling families and the very poor was striking. There seemed to be no middle class; you either flew in private planes or scratched a living out of mud.

Joe knew that one of the most powerful men in the country was the head of the National Guard, José Medrano, a short, swashbuckling general who had installed his friend as President because he couldn't be bothered with running the government. Joe called Medrano directly and invited him to our house one Saturday. I didn't know he was coming

but noticed a Jeep in front of our home when I drove up from a shopping trip.

Inside, I found Joe sitting with the general, a bottle of Johnny Walker Black Label, two glasses, and a Colt .45 with walnut grips on the table between them. The general was dressed in fatigues with stars on the epaulets and jump boots.

When I entered the room, he stood, clicked his heels, and said in Spanish, "José Medrano at your service!"

It was said that Medrano was a crack shot with a .45 and a notorious torture master who liked to use the *capucha*, a hood with a drawstring that is placed over a prisoner's head and tightened. I don't know that the latter was true, but Medrano told Joe that his reputation with a gun was undeserved, that he'd have better luck throwing a pistol at a target than firing it.

While Joe was befriending Medrano, I found myself becoming best friends with the First Lady of El Salvador. I'd been asked to help refurbish San Salvador's anthropological museum. I enlisted the help of a Washington architect, Jerry Mumma, who had built an addition to our Chevy Chase home and who happened to be visiting El Salvador the day after I was asked to chair the museum project.

I begged Jerry to look at the building and offer advice, which he did. The eventual transformation was so well received that when I was given a decoration for my help, I felt obliged to confess that Jerry had come up with the overall plan.

I did not feel it necessary to mention that one night, when there were no workmen around to help, the wife of a prominent Salvadoran and I had tried to move a most revered mummy that was the museum's jewel. We dropped it and watched it break into about 25 pieces. I went home and got a bottle of Scotch and some Duco cement, and we had a great time patching it back together. To this day, I don't think anyone ever noticed.

It was in El Salvador that we had a rare encounter with anti-Japanese prejudice. Most upper-echelon American Embassy officials were members of Club Campestre, the most exclusive country club in El Salvador. When Joe was recommended for membership, he was turned down. We later learned it was because he was Japanese.

The embassy, however, eventually extracted its revenge in the mid-1960s, when President Lyndon Johnson was to meet with several Central American presidents in El Salvador. Joe was in charge of security, especially as it applied to Johnson. A grand evening was scheduled to take place at Club Campestre until the American ambassador

heard about it. He decreed that no club that refused membership to "one of my men" on racial grounds would host a gathering that included the American President. And that's how the soiree came to be held at the Intercontinental Hotel in San Salvador.

It was the wife of the President of El Salvador who alerted us to impending conflict between El Salvador and neighboring Honduras in 1969. There was tension on the border between the two countries because overcrowded El Salvador was spilling into Honduras.

On July 4, the President's wife phoned me to say her husband was going hunting and wondered if Joe could get him a pair of size-four combat boots. Size four? Combat boots for hunting? I acted as if I believed the hunting story but drove immediately to the American ambassador's residence, where Joe was attending a national-day party.

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The military attaché cabled Washington, and the next day the combat boots arrived. A couple of days later, Medrano marched into the embassy to find Joe. He was a walking arsenal. In addition to Medrano's ever-present Colt .45, hand grenades hung from his belt and cartridge-filled bandoliers adorned his chest. As Joe's friend, he was reporting to Joe that, as head of the army, he was on his way to the border to start the war that weekend.

As is customary, Joe told the American ambassador, who was incredulous because he said he had information from the government contradicting that. Joe cabled the Agency with the news. The CIA notified the State Department, which queried the ambassador.

One of the most delicate tasks a CIA chief of station must perform is to avoid undercutting the ambassador—he must always keep the ambassador apprised of critical happenings. In this case, Joe had warned the ambassador of the border war, but the ambassador hadn't passed the intelligence on to Washington because he apparently believed his own sources were more accurate. When the cable from State reached him, he called a staff meeting and solicited opinions from everyone; only Joe predicted war that weekend. The firing began at 5 AM on Monday.

The ambassador was not to forget that loss of face. His next post was Guatemala, which was also supposed to be Joe's next assignment. Joe told me the ambassador nixed that.

I had no hard feelings—such things happen, and the tension between diplomats and spies is as old as history. I prefer to remember my favorite newspaper picture from that time, a photograph of Medrano swathed in a poncho riding

to the front on a donkey, his arsenal around his considerable waistline.

Joe was chief of station in Panama during the politically charged canal-treaty talks in the early '70s. He agreed with prevailing congressional sentiment that the canal ought to belong to Panama, but he didn't agree with the method of transferring ownership.

"Why don't we sell the canal?" he used to say. "Why pay them to take it off our hands?"

He also objected to the carnival atmosphere that surrounded the negotiations. Diplomats on both sides, for ex-

Medrano marched into the embassy to tell Joe that, as head of the army, he was on his way to the border to start the war that weekend.

ample, sported T-shirts that read in Spanish, "The Canal Is Ours."

The United States was so fearful of adverse world reaction if it did not sign the canal over to Panama that Joe told me we once protected Torrijos's brother from being arrested on drug charges in New York. Moises Torrijos was Panama's ambassador to Spain, but he was also a suspected trafficker in heroin. (He was indicted for drug smuggling in 1978 in the United States but denies the charge and has never faced trial.)

Joe and the CIA, as well as the Drug Enforcement Agency, knew that Moises Torrijos was planning to pass through customs in New York on a return trip to Panama. They wanted to apprehend him.

But years later, Joe told me that the State Department—fearful of upsetting the canal negotiations—objected strongly. State alerted General Torrijos, who warned his brother, who changed his flight plan, stopping off in Caracas instead of New York in the course of his flight home.

Joe had the good fortune to serve most of his career during a time when the CIA enjoyed a decent international reputation. I think this was largely because he worked for a government trusted by people around the world. That began to change in the post-Vietnam years, especially the '70s, when the Senate intelligence-committee hearings publicized some of the Agency's dirty laundry and disaffected ex-CIA employees began writing kiss-and-tell memoirs.

Joe and I were as shocked as the pub-

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lic to learn of secret drug-testing programs and assassination devices disguised as cigars. And when ex-agents such as Philip Agee and Victor Marchetti began writing books telling secrets, Joe could feel the difference in the field. Sources were less cooperative, worried that their identities might appear in the *New York Times* or the *Village Voice*.

Agee wrote that most "special assistants" to ambassadors were really CIA chiefs of station, and after the CIA's Dick Welch was assassinated in Greece, a worldwide shuffling of titles took place. We were in Brazil, where Joe was chief of station. His name was dropped to sixteenth place on the embassy's diplomatic list, the better to bury his importance. Dick Welch had worked with Joe in Brazil, and two days after his death we received a letter he'd mailed us saying that Greece was a bit dull after South America but he looked forward to a couple of quiet years.

What had started out for Joe in Panama as a stomach ulcer turned out to be cancer. We spent our last time together at Sloan-Kettering, where we talked about our 30 years together, all but two of those with the CIA. He'd risen from a case officer to a chief of station. We'd lived in five countries and raised five children. We were both proud of Joe's association with the Agency.

I remembered a poignant conversation we'd had a few months earlier, in the living room of our home. We had been alone, talking about our long romance, when my mechanically disinclined husband asked me if there was anything he could do to repay me for our years together. He had more than repaid me during our marriage, but I couldn't resist.

"Yes, Joe," I said, "would you mind learning how to play the record player?"

I practiced being a widow for a long time, but who can be prepared for the reality? Eight years ago, on March 8, 1977, Joe died quietly at night at the hospital, moments after I'd left him.

Shortly thereafter, my children and I visited Admiral Stansfield Turner at his office in Langley. We walked past the CIA insignia in marble on the floor, past the lobby inscription—"You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free"—and took a private elevator to Turner's office. In an adjoining office, about 40 of Joe's former colleagues had gathered, including Hawaii Senator Daniel Inouye, who had fought with Joe in the 442. The new CIA director posthumously awarded the Intelligence Medal of Merit to Joe for his years of service.

It is on the mantel of my fireplace in Chevy Chase. □